Children's Column

The Nicest One.

I've got the dearest dolly,
  And her name is Sally Poll.
She used to be a clothespin
  'Fore she got to be a doll.

Aunt Maggie made her for me
  When I had the whooping cough;
And she marked her face with charcool,
  But it's almost all come off.

Her dress is only gingham,
  And she hasn't any hair,
She ain't a truly beauty,
  But I tell her not to care.

For I've got a great big family
  Of dollies large and small;
And Sally Polly Clothespin is
  The nicest doll of all.
—Gladys Hyatt, in American Agriculturist.

A Polar Bear's Clever Trick.

For dinner a polar bear likes nothing better than a good, fat young walrus. But a walrus is not the easiest thing to catch, especially if its mother or father happens to be lingering around in the neighborhood. An old walrus is more than twice the size of a bear and a very hard fighter when pressed. So Mr. Bear calls when the old walruses are out of sight, and catches the young walrus as best he can. Sometimes he crawls up on a high cliff and lies for a long time, peeping over the edges. Presently the young walrus comes up out of the water to bask on a rock or a cake of ice. This is Mr. Bear's chance. He rolls a heavy stone to the edge of the cliff and tumbles it over. If it strikes its mark the bear has his dinner ready whenever he wants to eat it. Few animals have found a shrewder way of killing their prey.

The Cape Penguin.

The cape penguin is very popular at the Cape of Good Hope and the Falkland Islands. From the extraordinary sound it produces while on shore it is called the jackass penguin. Darwin gives the following interesting account of this bird: "In diving, its little plumeless wings are used as fins, but on the land, as front legs. When crawling (it may be said on four legs) through the tussocks, or on the side of a grassy cliff, it moved so very quickly that it might easily have been mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea and fishing it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing, with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy anyone at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."

These birds feed their young in a very singular manner. The parent bird gets on a hillock, and apparently delivers a very impassioned speech for a few minutes, at the end of which it lowers its head and opens its beak. The young one, who has been a patient auditor, thrusts its head into the open beak of the mother and seems to suck its subsistence from the throat of the parent bird. Another speech is immediately made and the same process repeated, until the young is satisfied.

This penguin is very courageous, but utterly destitute of the better part of courage—discretion; for it will boldly charge at a man just as Don Quixote charged the windmills, and with the same success, as a few blows from a stick is sufficient to lay a dozen birds prostrate.—Detroit Free Press.

Dogs That Wear Shoes.

In Alaska even the dogs are required to wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all of the work of dragging and carrying, which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin and ties them on with stout throngs or leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes off with his sharp, wolf-like teeth and eats them up!

Wonderful animals are the dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell for $75 to $200 each, more than an ordinary horse will bring in this country. They will draw 200 pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys they are over fond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung up out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close up to the men who own them as possible and the miner cannot wrap himself up so close that they won't get under his blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.—Chicago Record.

A Procession of Elephants.

Marie A. Millie tells a number of "Stories of Elephants," in St. Nicholas. The author says:

The prime minister of Nepal with the court were at that time in holy Hardwar, in order to bathe in the sacred Ganges, and perform their pilgrimage to the "Hur Ki Pyree," or "Steps to Heaven," and for their benefit the elephants were made to go in procession through the sacred town.

Can any child picture a procession of a hundred and fifty tame elephants in single file, headed by Bilji, and with Narain bringing up the rear? It was truly a grand sight. They covered a mile and a quarter of road, and were as orderly as soldiers in a marching regiment. Through the town they marched, each beast in its place, in no way disconcerted by the populace, or by the screaming children, who joined in singing their nursery rhymes at each turn of the road. They think that Guneshin, the god of wisdom, has his existence in an elephant's body, and so they venerate the colossal beast immensely. Their little voices, pitched at the highest, sang out the couplet:

Elephant, O elephant! give us a hair of your tail!
Or, instead thereof, a sword of gold!

It was a quaint, queer sight! The old town with its mosques and minarets; the "sacred stairs of Vishnu," leading down to the blue water's edge; the priests on the steps in gay sulphur-colored garments, feeding the sacred fish, while the sacred monkeys were swarming everywhere, swinging from branch to branch of the trees, feeding on the house-tops, screaming and playing. Below marched undisturbed the imposing procession of elephants, all bent on obedience, and wending their way regardless of all distractions.

The Turk and the Irishman.

Among the Turks employed on the line of the first Turkish railway was an old man who had a son who was a soldier in one of the regiments in the garrison at Rustchuk, whom he had not seen for a good many months. Each day the regular through train arrived and left, but the old Turk never got the chance to run up to Rustchuk to see his son, for the train just came and went at the very moment when he was engaged at his midday prayer. And so the days and the weeks passed, and the old man, between his devotion to his religious duties and his love for his son, was left lamenting the inconvenient arrangement of the railway time-table. One day he confided his trouble to the Irish foreman, whose name was Flynn.

"Ah! my friend, you do not know how sore my heart is."

"Well, baba [father], what is the matter with you now?" asked Flynn.

"Well, you see," said the old Turk, "my son, whom you know, is up at Rustchuk, and I have not seen him for so many months, and his mother is longing to hear something about him."

"Why don't you get leave, then, and go to see him?" said the practical Irishman.

"How can I?" replied the old man. "Doesn't the train come in and go away while I am at prayers? Allah wills it that I should not see him."

And so the time continued to pass, the old man telling Flynn how his heart was weary to see his son. It happened one day that, as the train drew up at the station, the old man was engaged at his devotions on his prayer-carpet close to the line, an empty truck with the door run back had stopped just opposite where he was on his knees and his forehead to the ground, and the Irishman came along. Seized by a sudden inspiration, he caught up the old Turk, prayer-carpet and all, and landed him in the truck just as the train moved off. Two days after the old man came back by the down train, his face beaming with pleasure.

"Ah! my friend," he said, as he saw Flynn on the platform, "only for you I should never have seen my son. It must have been Allah who put it into your heart to throw me into the train. May he reward you for it."—Harper's Round Table.

Sunday at Sea.

Smith—Did many of the passengers go to hear Dr. Fourthly preach in the main cabin this morning?

Brown—Yes, but most of them left when he announced his text.

"What was it?"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."—Life.

LUCK IN THE KLONDIKE

A RETURNED MINER TELLS ABOUT GOLD DIGGERS' PROSPECTS.

A Poor Young New Yorker's Surprising Stroke of Good Fortune—Only Experienced Miners Are Likely to Do Well in the Future—No Place for Weaklings.

"One of the most surprising strokes of luck in the Klondike," said Perry W. Maston, a miner who has just returned from the Klondike gold fields to a Los Angeles correspondent of the New York Sun, "was that by a young man named Lawrence Brooks. I know him well. He came from a little village in Cayuga county, N. Y. He was a cash boy in a Buffalo dry goods house ten years ago, and came West as a tramp, riding on freight cars. He learned something about mining in the gold district in California, and more in a spirit of recklessness and adventure than anything else he joined the Yukon mining rush in 1894. He had a terrible experience with cold and hunger for two years, and suffered more in that time than many men do in a lifetime of hardships. He was too poor to come back to the United States, and so he stayed on the Yukon. He tried gold mining in fifty different spots, and lived on half-raw salmon for days at a time. He says he was about to commit suicide last September when he realized that another long and dreadful winter was beginning. A friend told him to go out to Klondike and make one more trial anyhow, for there were rumors at Fort Yukon at the time that the diggings were good on the Klondike. He sold his rifle for passage on the last boat on the river before navigation closed. Well, in two weeks Brooks had made his claim to 500 feet along Bonanza creek, and was working in the cold and ice to get out the golden nuggets. He came down on the Excelsior last month with about $35,000, and he has worked but thirty feet of his claim. His property is probably worth $250,000.

"What are the prospects of the tens of thousands of people who will probably reach Klondike next spring? Well, probably about a quarter of them will find some gold. About every seventh or eighth man will make a fortune. The men who have had experience in placer mining will do the best there. The days for greenhorns at mining to make fortunes are past in that region. Now that it is known there is an abundance of gold there, the experienced fellows will rush in and know best how to get it out. I expect there will be great droves of men coming back from the Klondike next summer and fall discouraged, mad and cussing that they were ever induced to go to Alaska. That's always the way. Why, it seems strange, but I know several men who were in Fort Yukon last December, and knew about Klondike finds, and finally went to the diggings last winter to see for themselves. They fooled and talked and clerked in a store or worked at the sawmill in Dawson City, and are still there with only $1000 or $2000 each, while the tenderest kind of tenderfeet about them were picking out $1000 a week at the mines for months.

"I believe there are chances in the Klondike region for several thousand more claims of more or less value. Some of them are very likely even richer than any yet worked. By the time I get back to Dawson City it is probable that a large part of these will have been taken up. About all the claims on Bonanza creek were taken when I came away, and I heard of scores of men who saw several thousand dollars' worth of gold in sight for taking out a little later. One man, a Swede, named Mathson, whom I used to know in Colorado, showed me about $500 in gold dust and nuggets that he had taken out in two days before I left Dawson City. There are some men who will get rich anywhere, and you know there were multitudes of good sensible men who came out of the palmy days of gold washing on the American and Trinity rivers in California with only the clothes on their backs, while millions of dollars were dug out all about them. Now the climate and the awful winters in Alaska will keep a much larger percentage of men from making money there. I advise no one to go to the Klondike mines unless he knows what the rigors of the climate are, and exactly what he will do when he gets there. I have not the least doubt that many lives will be lost in seeking riches there. For one not strong and robust and unused to hard labor it is almost suicidal to go to Klondike. The talk about the probability of starvation in Dawson City and that region I don't take much stock in. The Alaska Navigation and Trading companies have prepared well for such a condition of affairs, and have been putting in every hour since last June in transporting food to the Klondike region. Besides, there is an abundance of salmon always there, and, at the worst, bear meat will keep the Klondikers in flesh for some time, although a white man forms a dislike for bear meat after three consecutive meals of it. But all the same, there will be some very despondent and melancholy men in the Klondike country before the steamers come down from Yukon next spring.

"My advice to men who know about quartz mining, and have had experience as prospectors, so that they know pay rock when they see it, is to hunt for the mother lode that has fed the placers of the Klondike region. The man who finds that and locates a claim will surely have almost solid masses of pure gold. King Solomon's mines of fiction won't be in it with that lode. I know of a company of San Francisco and Nevada capitalists who have hired a dozen of the best prospectors in the Northwest to go up the Yukon next spring and spend two years in looking for that mother lode. Why, if that lode is found and can be worked, it will demonetize gold as true as gospel."

HOW SHE LANDED.

An Amiable Greenhorn—Even the Guests Were Forced to Laugh.

Mrs. G—— of Staten Island had in her employ a greenhorn. Her only qualification for the position of waitress which she possessed on her arrival in this country was a pretty face. She was voluble of speech and slow of comprehension, and many a housekeeper would have given her marching orders at the end of the first week; but Mrs. G—— thought there were the makings of a good servant in her, and so kept her.

After the girl had been with her a month, and had learned how to serve soup without spilling it down the backs of the diners, Mrs. G—— gave a dinner, to which were invited two very dignified people, in whose home everything ran with the smoothness of a chronometer, and she was naturally anxious to approximate that smoothness in the service of her dinner.

For two courses everything went as heart could wish. Bridget refrained from speech, spilled not a thing, was attentive to the wants of the guests, and looked as pretty as a fresh young Irish girl can, which is saying a great deal.

But when she removed the fish and attempted to take it down stairs to the kitchen, she tripped on the top step, and with a scream and a series of bumps and crashes she and the fish accomplished the descent.

Mrs. G—— and her family vainly tried to keep from laughter. There was such a "cheerful bumpy sound" in her downgoing. The two dignified guests were as adamant. They evidently heard nothing. But even their risibles were not proof against what followed. Mrs. G—— sat irresolute for a moment, hoping that the girl would not require assistance. And she did not. In the richest of accents a voice came up the basement stairs:

"Did ye hear me? Fell arl the way down shtairs an' landed on me fut loike a burrd."—Harper's Bazar.

Ships That Sailed Not to Return.

It is some four years now since the last mysterious disappearance of a great ship. This was the Naronic, a freight steamer of unusual size, which sailed the Atlantic and was lost in 1892. Pieces of wreckage from the vessel have been picked up, however, which has not happened in all such cases. Among the mysterious disappearances of the past were the steamships President, City of Glasgow, Pacific, Ocean Monarch and City of Boston, the ironclad Captain, and the Liberia and Barton.

Twenty-seven years have passed away since the City of Boston was placed on the missing list, but some are now living who had friends and relatives on board of her.

The City of Boston cleared at the port of New York on Tuesday, January 25, 1870. She sailed for Liverpool by the way of Halifax, with twelve cabin and forty-five steerage passengers. Since she left Halifax no vestige of her has ever been seen except a plank upon which was scratched a message saying that the ship was sinking. Her exact fate will never be known.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Fever in Plants.

It appears from some curious experiments made by Mr. H. M. Richards that when plants are wounded their respiration increases, and at the same time their temperature perceptibly rises, as if a kind of fever had been produced by the wound. A thermo-electric apparatus, capable of registering a change of one four-hundredth of a degree, was employed. When a potato was wounded, the fever manifested itself by an elevation of temperature which was greatest at the end of 24 hours, when it began slowly to decline. An onion similarly treated acquired an increase of temperature many times greater than that shown by the potato, and the fever, instead of being confined to the neighborhood of the wound, affected the entire onion. In fact, the onion proved to be more readily affected in this way than any other vegetable experimented with. The rise of temperature is caused by increased absorption of oxygen.—Youth's Companion.

Not Patented.

"We got rid of all the flies in our place."

"How did you do it?"

"Poured some molasses in the back of our spring wagon; then, when the flies were all well occupied with it our man got in and hauled them off to town."—Detroit Free Press.

HARVESTS.

Men do not reap in Spring, my dear, nor are
  granaries filled in May,
Save it be with the harvest of former years,
  stored up for a rainy day.
The seasons will keep their own true time,
  you can hurry nor furrow nor sod;
It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that
  alone are blest by God.

HUMOROUS.

"Why, Nellie, dear," said the little girl's teacher, "I haven't seen you for several days." "Nome," replied Nellie; "I've been on an exertion with mamma."

He—Give me a kiss. She (decidedly)—I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me; you should have said "I prefer not." She—But that wouldn't be true.

She—I didn't expect to see you. Somebody told me you had met with an accident the other day. He—Oh, no; that was my brother. She—I'm so sorry!

No Unnecessary Display—"Let me see—last Saturday was Miss May Tower's birthday, was it not? How did the day pass off?" "It passed off quietly. It was her fortieth."

Drummer—What were the gross receipts of the ice cream festival given by the ladies of the church last night? Squam Corners Merchant—Nine dollars and odd cents, in the hole.

Gaffer—Queer could never stand prosperity. Bland—Why? Gaffer—Just as soon as he began to make money the police swooped down and arrested him for counterfeiting.

"I hear that Mr. Savant is living in the greatest poverty — practically starving. Can nothing be done for him?" "Oh, yes. His friends began a year ago to collect funds for a monument for him."

"So your husband is going to the Klondike gold region. I should think you would hate to have him run the risk." "Oh, his life is insured for $15,000! We are almost sure to strike it in one way or another."

"You can't always tell about a woman," remarked the observer of men and things. "Even when she looks dressed up she possibly isn't; indeed, it is quite as likely as not that she began with her hat and dressed down."

Little Elmer—Pa, what is a coincidence? Professor Broadhead—The fact that the green cucumber is ready to begin its work just about the time the green medical student graduates is a good example of coincidence, my son.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have found a large number of men who are willing to put all they possess into a common stock, and share alike?" "Certainly," replied the Socialist. "Why not? There isn't one of them who has a cent to his name."

"My dear, did you ever know such assurance? I met him only two weeks ago, and today he asked for my photograph. Of course I wouldn't let him have it?" "But that day he had his camera out I saw him taking some pictures of you." "Yes, I know; those out on the rocks with Jack and the ones in my bathing suit, just for fun—but the idea of my giving him a photograph."

Not to Be Cheated.

Time was when there was only one chaise in the town of Mechanic Falls, and that one belonged to an old man of somewhat eccentric ways.

One day a young man wanted to hire the chaise to take his girl to ride. The owner agreed, but nothing was said about the price. Towards nightfall the young man brought the chaise back.

"How much is the damage?" he asked.

"Where'd ye go?" returned the old man.

The young man named the place.

"How far do you call that?"

"Twelve miles."

"Nope," said the old man, "it's only ten."

"I tell you it's twelve good long miles, and I've been over it times enough to know."

"H'm. I traveled the road before you was out of dresses. I tell ye 'tain't but ten miles."

Both of them were losing their tempers rapidly.

"Never mind how far it is," cried the young man; "you tell me how much I owe you, and I'll pay you and get out."

Catching his breath, the old man thundered: "Young feller, ye don't owe me a cent, but by mighty, I'll be blamed ef you're agoin' to cheat me on the distance."—Lewiston Journal.

Rounded Finger Nails.

How fast the pointed finger nails have gone out of fashion! It was an ugly fashion, transforming a pretty hand into the likeness of a clawed animal's paw. The moderately rounded nail, which follows the natural curve of the finger, is now seen generally. It is a welcome sight, a return to nature from artificial models.—Detroit Free Press.

William Bache, who died the other day in Bristol, Penn., was the great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin. He was eighty-six years old, and was the pioneer newspaper publisher in Bucks county.